THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, January 31, 1803.

Short ACCOUNT *of the* KINGDOM *of* HUNGARY.

THE extent of this kingdom, including with it Dalmatia, Croatia, and Sclavonia, is eſtimated at 4043 ſquare miles. Large tracts of this territory are dead moraſs. The climate is reckoned ſo very unhealthy, that Hungary has been denominated the grave of ſtrangers, and the burial-place of the Germans. The preſent population of this kingdom, with the diſtricts uſually conſidered as belonging to it, is about 7,116,789 ſouls, or about 1848 perſons on every ſquare geographical mile.

Few regions preſent in the ſame population, and the ſame extent of territory, ſo great a diverſity of nations and of languages as is found in Hungary. The indigenous Hungarians reſide chiefly in that which is called the Low Country. They have, in general, an averſion from a city life. They compoſe, it may be, about one-third of the total population of the Hungarian territories. Of 11,402 villages in Hungary, theſe aboriginal Hungarians poſſeſs 3668. They ſpeak the Hungarian language.——The Sclavonians ſpeak the Sclavonian language in ſeveral different dialects, and are named, likewiſe Slowaks, Raſcians, and Croats. It is remarked, that wherever theſe ſettle among the native Hungarians, the latter ceaſe to proſper, and are within a few generations abſolutely exterminated. Within theſe laſt two hundred years, many villages of the Hungarians and Germans have fallen gradually to the Slowaks alone. They poſſeſs in all 5789 of the villages of Hungary.—About 150,000 Germans or Tranſylvanians are ſcattered at the foot of the Hungarian Alps. They poſſeſs 921 villages. It was upon the entrance of their anceſtors into Hungary, that its mines began to be wrought; and they alſo firſt opened the commercial intercourſe of Hungary with the countries of the north. They long ſince adopted the Hungarian dreſs, which they ſtill continue to wear. By means

of them was lutheraniſm introduced ſooner into Hungary than into other countries.——The Wallachians, aſſuming in their own language the name of Romans, are indeed of Roman origin. They occupy 1024 villages in Hungary. They are temperate, indolent, patient, vindictive, ſuperſtitious, yet immoral. Their numbers are rapidly increaſing.——A good number of Macedonians, or modern Greeks, live alſo in Hungary. The money remitted between Hungary, Turkey, and Germany, paſſes for the greater part through their hands; and they are at the ſame time agents in moſt of the other mercantile tranſactions between theſe countries. They never either engage in huſbandry, or enliſt in the army. There is a claſs called czinzares, who, though Wallachians by deſcent, yet profeſs the religion, follow the employments, and ſpeak the language of the Greeks.——The great national farms are held, and the inns in this country are kept, by Armenians, who came into Hungary about the end of the ſeventeenth century. They live diſperſed over the great farms. There is but one Armenian pariſh, which contained in the year 1794 only 104 pariſhioners. They uſe the Armenian language in nothing but the ſervices of their religion.——A few clementines, ſo named after the leader of their emigration, having retired out of Albania in the year 1463, came, in 1737, through Servia into Sclavonia. They fill two villages.——The Jews had in their hands, in the thirteenth century, moſt of the royal domains, and all the trade of Hungary. Their preſent numbers are about 75,000; and they are all employed as hawkers and pedlars.——The numbers of the Zigeuners, or gypſies in Hungary, are about 17,000. They are much attached to the indigenous Hungarians. Maria-Thereſa gave them the appellation of New Hungarians, with which they were much pleaſed.

All theſe people are diſtributed in 11,402 towns or villages, and on 1305 great farms, or *puſten*, which are occupied principally for the uſes of paſtoral huſbandry.

The natural growth of graſs is very abundant; but as there is in this country little ſkill in the culture of artificial meadows, winter forage is generally ſcarce. The *puſten*, or great farms, are the poſſeſſions of the nobility, and enjoy an exemption from certain duties, which are exacted from the plebeian farmers of the hamlets or villages.—The total number of the nobility of both ſexes was at the laſt enumeration 325,894 perſons.—Vaſt droves of ſheep and black cattle are every year exported from Hungary. The Jews of Prague export large quantities of gooſequills.——Next, after Siberia and America, Hungary is richer in copper than any other country in the world. Its iron mines are many, and inexhauſtible. The ſalt-works of Hungary and Tranſylvania might eaſily ſupply all Europe; as 1,200,000 quintals of this ſalt are annually imported into the German empire.

pire. Here is abundance of mineral alkali. A native mine of Glauber ſalt was diſcovered in a marſh near Ofen. Tobacco and wine are two great branches of the exportable produce of this country. The produce exceeds the conſumption to the value of ſeveral millions of florins.

The Hungarian diet has a right to deliberate concerning the legiſlation, contributions, and ſubſidies. Since 1791, the biſhops have been taxed 20 per cent. on their income. The adminiſtration of the government is divided between the chancery and the ſupreme council of ſtate. The military force of Hungary uſually conſiſted in former times of 36,000 men, cavalry and infantry. It has been augmented within theſe laſt twelve years. —The public revenue is nearly ſixteen millions of florins in the year: that of Peſt is the only univerſity in Hungary. There are now in Hungary about fifty living authors, including tranſlators and newſwriters.

HUMOUROUS SYMPATHETIC ANECDOTE.

THE following important diſcovery is recommended to the literati, in general, but more particularly to the college of phyſicians, as it may be of the greateſt conſequence to them in future practice.

You muſt know then that a wonderful connection and ſympathy have lately been obſerved between the breeches pocket and the animal ſpirits, which continually riſe or fall as the contents of the former ebb or flow; inſomuch that, from conſtant obſervation, I could venture to gueſs at a man's current caſh by the degree of vivacity he has diſcovered in his converſation. When this cutaneous reſervoir is fluſh, the ſpirits too are elate; when that is ſunk and drained, how flat, dull, and inſipid is every word and action! The very muſcles and features of the face are influenced by this obſcure fund of life and vigour. The heart proves to be only the inert receptacle of the blood, and thoſe groſſer ſpirits which ſerve for the animal function: but the pocket is fraught with thoſe finer and more ſublime ſpirits which conſtitute the wit, and many other diſtinguiſhing characters.

I could tell how a certain poet's finances ſtood by the very ſubject of his muſe: gloomy elegies, biting ſatires, grave ſoliloquies, and dull tranſlations, were certain indications of the *res angusta;* as Pindaric odes and pointed epigrams intimated a freſh recruit. So a grave politician, who frequented a noted coffee-houſe, when theſe pocket qualms were on him, uſed to give the moſt melancholy and deplorable accounts of the ſtate of the nation—the increaſe of taxes, the abuſe of the public revenue, the national debt, the decay of trade, and the exceſs of luxury,

were the continual topics of his diſcourſe; but when the cold fit of this intermitting diſorder left him, the ſcene was quite altered, and then he was eternally haranguing on the power, grandeur, and wealth of the Britiſh nation. In ſhort, this barometer of ſtate roſe or fell, not as the quick, but current ſilver contracted or expanded itſelf within its ſecret cell.

Under the influence of the ſame powerful charm, I have remarked a certain phyſician in the chamber of a wealthy patient clear up his countenance, and write his recipe with infinite vivacity and good humour; but in the abode of poverty, what a clouded brow, hopeleſs vibration of the head, and languor of the nerves! Like the ſenſitive plant, he ſhrunk from the cold hand of neceſſity: not that the doctor wanted humanity; but when a patient becomes a mere *caput mortuum*, and the *anima ſacculi* expires, what ſympathiſing heart but muſt be ſenſible of ſo dire a change!

It is impoſſible to record a tenth part of the wonderful effects this latent ſource of life and ſpirits has produced on the animal economy. What ſmiles of complacency and cringing adulation to my Lord Bloodrich, who no ſooner turns his back than contempt and deriſion overtake him! What can this be owing to but the ſecret influence of the divinity which threw a ſort of awe and veneration about him? What but this magic power could have transformed Ned Traffic into a gentleman, Juſtice Allpaunch into a wit, or Squire Jolter into a man of taſte? What but this could have given poignancy to the moſt inſipid jokes, and weight to the moſt ſuperficial arguments of Alderman Heaviſide? What leſs than this divinity could make circumciſion become uncircumciſion, convert Gideonites to Chriſtians, or Chriſtians to Gideonites? It is this that, with more than tutelary power, protects its votaries from inſults and oppreſſions, that ſilences the enraged accuſer, and ſnatches the ſword from the very hand of juſtice: towns and cities, like Jericho, without any miracle, have fallen flat before it; it has ſtopped the mouths of cannons, and, more ſurpriſing ſtill, of faction and ſlander.

It has thrown a ſort of glory about the globoſe and opaque ſculls of quorum juſtices; it has imparted a dread and reverence to the enſigns of authority; and ſtrange, paſſing ſtrange to ſay, it has made youth and beauty fly into the arms of age, given charms to deformity and deteſtation, transformed Hymen into Mammon, and the god of love into a ſatyr. It has built bridges without foundations, libraries without books, hoſpitals without endowments, and churches without benefices. It has turned conſcience into a deiſt, honor into a pimp, courage into a modern officer, and honeſty into a ſtock-jobber. In ſhort, there is nothing wonderful it has not effected, except making us wiſe, virtuous, and happy.

ADELA:

ADELA: An Helvetic Story.

SOON after the commencement of the French revolution, yet previous to the extenſion of the miſeries which it has produced, I was ſent to the college at Berne, under the care of a tutor, as all my mother's family were natives of that place.—Soon after my arrival, I had been one day walking round the ſuburbs of this elegant city, unaccompanied by my mentorial friend, who, to the qualities neceſſary for a tutor, united a ſuperiority of deportment, which is calculated to inſpire reſpect.

Charmed as I had been with the ſurrounding ſcenery of the country, and pleaſed as I was with the beautiful regularity of the ſtreets, I could not help being ſhocked at beholding a number of my fellow-creatures, removing all dirt and rubbiſh from the walks.—It was not that I felt hurt at the proſpect of cleanlineſs, which muſt always produce a pleaſing effect upon the mind, but I was pained at ſeeing a being, like myſelf, bending under the weight of an iron collar, which was indiſcriminately faſtened round each of their necks!

Sympathy for ſome moments checked the force of utterance, and prevented me from enquiring what it could mean; but I was ſoon informed the unhappy men had broken through the laws of their country, and were deſtined to wear that badge of diſgrace for their lives.—While I was reflecting upon the benefit derived from this judicious mode of puniſhment, and allowing it a preference to the method which is adopted in my native iſle, my attention was attracted by the appearance of one of the criminals, whoſe very form was calculated to inſpire eſteem.—Can that man, ſaid I, mentally, after having examined his countenance, have been guilty of a ſingle action that could be attended with diſgrace? Never did I behold ſuch dignity of deportment, or ſee a great mind, ſo ſtrongly depictured in the face!—I inſtantly felt a ſecret wiſh to become acquainted with his hiſtory, yet it was not the impreſſion of curioſity, for that would have degraded the deſire, but I experienced an intereſt in his fate, which it was impoſſible to account for, and a kind of enthuſiaſtic ſympathy ſeemed to agitate my heart.—I longed to addreſs him, yet was fearful of being thought obtruſive; neither could I find words to expreſs the ſenſations his misfortunes had inſpired, I therefore ſilently purſued the path he had taken, waiting for a more favourable opportunity to ſpeak.

A ſummons from the overſeers of this ill-fated community, appriſed them, that the time was arrived which was devoted to their meals, and I beheld the object who had excited my ſolicitude walk haſtily toward a young lady, who was approaching the place. I may ſay, that curioſity inſpired me with the deſire to follow him; and I purſued his path with ſo light a ſtep, that I was cloſe upon his heels without his knowing that any perſon

witneſſed

witneſſed the meeting between this unfortunat parent, and a tenderly beloved child.—

" My Adela!" ſaid he, extending his arms to embrace her, and preſſing her with ardour to his agitated heart, " deareſt object of my fondeſt ſolicitude, yet once the bane, and comfort of my life!"—" My father! my dear, dear father!" exclaimed the lovely girl, in a voice almoſt ſuffocated with grief, " Oh, that your Adela ſhould be the cauſe of ſuch affliction, and the fatal ſource of her father's diſgrace!"

" Talk not thus, my child;" rejoined the afflicted parent, wiping away the tears from her ſweet expreſſive face: " Was it not to ſave my darling from diſhonour, that I expoſed myſelf to the weight of theſe degrading chains? But the villain," continued he, raiſing his voice to a pitch of exultation, " is gone to receive the puniſhment due unto his crimes, and that reflection reconciles me to this degrading office, and ſeems to ſooth the ſorrows of my life! But, alas! my love," ſaid he, ſoftening his accents, and wiping away the drops of ſenſibility from her eyes, " my afflictions are too extenſive, they have reached a heart, that till lately was the receptacle of peace! Oh, my Adela! I can bear my own misfortunes, but I cannot bear to behold the effect they have produced!"

If I had found myſelf intereſted in the fate of the unfortunate ſtranger, merely from the effect which his appearance had produced, how much more muſt the impreſſion have been augmented, by diſcovering that the depravity of a villain had been the cauſe of this diſgrace.—Anxious as I had been to behold the interview, I felt ſtill more ſo, to make my eſcape unobſerved, for the ſpot where they ſtood ſeemed ſacred to theſe ſenſations, which parental and filial tenderneſs impart.

The objects of my ſolicitude were fortunately too much occupied in each other to obſerve the intruſion I had made upon the privacy they ſought, and I crept away with as much apprehenſion of being detected, as if I had been guilty of the moſt diſgraceful crime.—About a hundred yards from the ſpot where I had left the afflicted couple, I obſerved the perſon who was overlooker of the work, and I determined, if poſſible, to learn the whole of a hiſtory, the mere ſketch of which had ſo warmly intereſted my heart.

I had formed an idea, not altogether favourable to thoſe who undertake the government of perſons whom the laws of their country have diſgraced, and was aſtoniſhed at beholding in the man, whom I accoſted, the ſtrongeſt marks of kindneſs and benevolence depictured in his face.—After forming ſome pretence for entering into converſation, I imperceptibly led to the ſubject which occupied my mind, and, after informing him I had beheld the intereſting meeting, implored him to tell me what had occaſioned ſuch apparent unmerited diſgrace.

" Out of delicacy to the family of the gentleman, Sir," ſaid he, " I ſhall neither mention his name, or his connection; indeed theſe," continued he, " they have had intereſt enough to conceal; but I believe affliction is calculated to blunt the edge of curioſity, for there never has been ſo much as a ſingle enquiry made.—The ſtranger, however, in whom you ſeem to feel yourſelf ſo much intereſted, was the younger ſon of a gentleman of rank, but at his father's death he found himſelf merely in the poſſeſſion of a very ſmall landed eſtate. A fondneſs for agriculture, and a taſte for the country, determined him to cultivate his little ſpot of ground, where he enjoyed every kind of domeſtic felicity, until within a very few months.

" His brothers were men of different propenſities, and condemned the unaſpiring turn of his mind, in conſequence of which the natural ties of relationſhip were ſoon forgotten in the oppoſite purſuits.—About a twelve-month ago, an Italian nobleman, travelling through this country, was overturned near Mr. S——'s eſtate, who, with all the benevolence natural to his character, immediately invited him to become an inmate of his houſe.—He either was, or pretended to be ſeverely hurt by the accident, and of courſe joyfully accepted the offer which was made, and was treated by his generous hoſt with every kindneſs and attention which his ſituation ſeemed to require.

" You, Sir, it ſeems, are ſtruck with the lovelineſs of Mr. S——'s daughter, and ſo was the deſpicable wretch, whom he ſo diſintereſtedly obliged, and in return for all his hoſpitality, was baſe enough to meditate the deſtruction of an only, tenderly beloved child. The unſuſpicious girl had aſſociated with few perſons of the ſex, and was totally ignorant of the depravity and artifice of mankind; ſhe therefore gave credit to all the count's aſſertions, and believed the proteſtations which he continually made. He had already acquired ſuch an aſcendency over her feelings, as to convince her, that it was neceſſary to their happineſs that her father ſhould be a ſtranger to their regard, under a pretence that he might not ſanction an affection which his own parent might be inclined to blame.

" It was in vain that he urged her to a private marriage; for to this, neither her ſenſe of duty or propriety, would allow her to agree; and at length it was determined that he ſhould return to Italy, for the purpoſe of obtaining his father's conſent. A journey of that nature was juſt as far from his intention as it had ever been to make her his wife; for he had arranged a plan with his valet for the purpoſe of ſeducing her into his power, on the day after that on which he had taken leave.—The man, ſtruck with compunction at the thought of being guilty of ſuch depravity, expoſed the whole of the iniquitous ſcheme to Mr. S——, who, fired with reſentment at the indignity that had been offered to his honour, flew to the ſpot where the deſpicable

wretch

wretch was concealed, and in the moment of paſſion, unaided by reflection, plunged his ſword into his breaſt!

(To be continued.)

Remarkable INSTANCE *of* BRITISH HEROISM.

WHEN the gallant Earl Howe added freſh laurels to the Britiſh flag on the glorious 1ſt of June, a ſeaman named Appleford, greatly diſtinguiſhed the characteriſtic bravery of Engliſh tars.

The Marlborough, the ſhip to which he belonged, by intrepidly breaking the enemy's line, became totally diſmaſted, and in that ſituation, dropped with her ſtern on the bows of a French 84, whoſe bowſprit came over the Marlborough's poop. The Frenchmen were preparing to board, though with apparent reluctance, when Appleford, to be before hand with them, mounted their bowſprit, and with his cutlaſs boldly leaped upon her forecaſtle, which he not only took poſſeſſion of, but forced his adverſaries to fly for ſafety into the waiſt of the ſhip; a French officer obſerving the uncommon behaviour of our hero, ruſhed from the quarter deck to reproach ſo many of his men for cowardly running from one, and to convince them of his own honour, inſtantly commenced an attack upon Appleford, who was fortunate enough to conquer his antagoniſt. His ſituation by this time becoming extremely dangerous, he thought it beſt to effect his retreat, as he was not at that time aſſiſted on the ſpot by any of his countrymen; with this intention he again mounted the bowſprit, and by courageouſly ſpringing off the end, he reached the poop deck of his own ſhip, at the moment when they were drifting from each other. At this period, horror, ſmoke, and carnage were general, but victory hovered over the Britiſh fleet, while the French were running away at all points of the compaſs; unfortunately for the Marlborough, the valour of her crew had placed her ſo cloſe to the diſabled ſhips of the enemy, that amidſt the confuſion of the battle, ſhe was taken by ſeveral Engliſh ſhips to be a Frenchman, more particularly ſo as the whole of her colours had been ſhot away but one white enſign, which was then hoiſted. This circumſtance occaſioned much deſtruction on board from the fire of thoſe ſhips who fell into the miſtake, nor was the error diſcovered until ſhe was reduced to a ſhattered hulk. Several of the Frenchmen that had left the main body of their fugitive fleet, formed an order of ſailing to the windward, and were bearing down in ſuch a direction as to paſs under the Marlborough's ſtern, the headmoſt of which, by a ſhot, carried away the Britiſh enſign; by this circumſtance, the honour of Old England for a moment appeared to ſuffer, from the impoſſibility of re-

placing the colours, every flag having been ſhot away, conſequently it ſeemed as though they had ſtruck to Frenchmen, an idea which operated ſo ſtrongly on the mind of the undaunted Appleford, that he loudly exclaimed, "The Engliſh colours ſhall never be dous'd where I am!" then caſting his eyes round the deck, he perceived the dead body of a marine, who had been ſhot through the head, he inſtantly ſeized him, and ſtripping his red coat off ſtuck it on a boarding pike, and exalted it in the air, ſwearing that Engliſhmen would not deſert their colours, and that when all the red coats were gone, they would hoiſt blue jackets. The ſingularity of ſuch conduct infuſed into the hardy ſons of Neptune that valour and heroiſm with which they fought to the glorious period, when victory ended their animated ſtruggle.

ANECDOTES *of* COLONEL DESPARD.

FROM the memoirs of Colonel Edward Deſpard, by James Bannantine, his ſecretary, when ſuperintendant of his majeſty's affairs at Honduras, we have made the following extract.—The book was publiſhed in 1798, while the ſubject of it was a ſtate priſoner—and the extract which we now preſent, was at that period made by the conductors of the Analytical Review:

"The name of Colonel Deſpard has been lately made very public, on account of his impriſonment in Coldbath-fields Priſon, and the treatment he has been ſaid to have there experienced. A gentleman, every way qualified to do him juſtice, from intimate knowledge of him, and the poſſeſſion of reſpectable talents, has, without his privity, expoſed to the public the life and conduct of this extraordinary man, in whoſe fate ſo general an intereſt has been excited.

"He was born, we learn from this well-written narrative, in 1750 or 1751, and deſcended from a very ancient and reſpectable family in the Queen's County, in Ireland. He is the youngeſt of ſix brothers, all of whom, except the eldeſt, have ſerved either in the army or navy. In 1766, he entered the army as an enſign in the 50th regiment; in the ſame regiment he ſerved as a lieutenant, and in the 79th he ſerved ſucceſſively as lieutenant, quarter-maſter, captain-lieutenant, and captain. From his ſuperior officers he received many marks of approbation, particularly from General Calcraft, of the 50th, General Meadows, and the Duke of Northumberland.

"He has been for the laſt twenty years detached from any particular corps, and intruſted with important offices. In 1779, he was appointed chief engineer to the St. Juan expedition, and conducted himſelf ſo as to obtain diſtinguiſhed attention and praiſe from Captain Polſon, who commanded on that occa-

ſion. He alſo received the thanks of the council and aſſembly of the iſland of Jamaica, for the conſtruction of public works there, and was in conſequence of theſe ſervices appointed by the governor of Jamaica to be commander in chief of the iſland of Rattan, and its dependencies, and of the troops there, and to rank as lieutenant-colonel and field-engineer, and commanded as ſuch on the Spaniſh Main, in Rattan, and on the Moſquito ſhore, and Bay of Honduras. After this, at Cape Gracias a Dios, he put himſelf at the head of the inhabitants, who voluntarily ſolicited him to take the command, and retook from the Spaniards, Black River, the principal ſettlement of the coaſt.—For this ſervice he received the thanks of the governor, council, and aſſembly of Jamaica, and of the king himſelf. Copies of the original documents by which theſe acknowledgments were conveyed, are exhibited in this work. In 1783, he was promoted to the rank of colonel. In 1784, he was appointed firſt commiſſioner for ſettling and receiving the territory ceded to Britain by the ſixth article of the definitive treaty of peace with Spain in 1783. He as a colonel ſo well diſcharged his duty, that he was appointed ſuperintendant of his majeſty's affairs on the coaſt of Honduras, which office he held much to the advantage of the crown of England, for he obtained from that of Spain ſome very important privileges. The claſhing intereſts, however, of the inhabitants of this coaſt, produced much diſcontent, and the colonel was by a party of them accuſed of various miſdemeanors to his majeſty's miniſters. He now came home, and demanded that his conduct ſhould be inveſtigated, but was, after two years conſtant attendance on all the departments of government, at laſt told by miniſters that there was no charge againſt him worthy of inveſtigation; that his majeſty had thought proper to aboliſh the office of ſuperintendant at Honduras, otherwiſe he ſhould have been reinſtated in it. But he was then, and on every occaſion, aſſured that his ſervices ſhould not be forgotten, but in due time meet their reward."

PROGNOSTIC SIGNS *of a* HURRICANE.

[From Fothergill's Eſſay on the Preſervation of Shipwrecked Mariners.]

ALONG the Britiſh and other neighbouring coaſts, the equinoctial ſtorms are generally the moſt formidable. As theſe are to be expected at their reſpective ſeaſons, all prudent navigators ought to provide againſt their periodical return. In tropical climates, and along the abrupt coaſt of the Leeward Iſlands, the moſt violent hurricanes prevail between the 25th of July and

and the latter end of September, the wind blowing from N. or N. W. in direct oppoſition to the trade winds.

The native Carribees of St. Dominica and St. Vincent, from long obſervation, can with ſurpriſing accuracy foretel the approach of the hurricane ten or twelve days before it arrives —a circumſtance of no ſmall moment to unexperienced navigators.

All hurricanes, they obſerve, happen about the period of the lunations, particularly at full moon, and may be predicted from the following ſigns :—

1ſt. The ſun exhibits a a blood-like redneſs. The moon ſurrounded with a halo, the ſtars with a burr, and ſeem larger than uſual. The ſky towards the N. W. dark and gloomy. Wells and deep caverns ſend forth a hollow ſound. The ſea, an unuſual rank odour. Miſts diſappear on the tops of mountains; a calm ſucceeds—when on a ſudden the hurricane burſts forth with incredible impetuoſity, twiſts trees aſunder, diſmaſts ſhips, and drives them aſhore, ſometimes above twenty yards beyond the water-mark!

As ſoon as the wind veers from N. W. to E. or S. E. the hurricane ceaſes! yet, what is remarkable, the raging of the waves continues and even increaſes in proportion to the *momentum* of the impulſe already acquired, till at length the tempeſt, having ſpent its fury, the billows ſubſide, and the ſea gradually reſumes its former tranquillity. Hence may be alſo underſtood, why the tide continues to flow at leaſt 48 hours after the full and change; its altitude at Briſtol often amounting to forty-ſeven feet, or upwards.

Beſides tempeſts at ſea, including hurricanes, thunder-ſtorms, and water-ſpouts, there are ſtill other cauſes which too often produce ſhipwreck.

Sea faring men, inured to hardſhips, and taught by example to deſpiſe dangers, are often totally regardleſs of forecaſt, and even of the neceſſary means of ſelf-preſervation. To unpardonable negligence, or foolhardineſs, therefore, rather than to unavoidable misfortune, may many of their diſaſters be juſtly imputed. To what elſe can be attributed the entire loſs of the Royal George, and of the Halſwell, with their reſpective companies? or of the late tremendous explofion of the La Coquille? and other ſtill more recent diſaſters.

From the maſter down to the common tar the ſame *nonchalance*, the ſame contempt of danger, frequently pervades the whole crew. Thus, when the maſter embarks on board a decayed leaky veſſel unfit to bear ſtreſs of weather; when the ſleepy pilot, dozing at the helm, runs the ſhip on ſome noted rock or lee-ſhore; or when the drunken ſailor, with a lighted candle, careleſsly approaches too near a caſk of ſpirits or gunpowder: what in the name of wonder can be expected but in-

evitable ruin! Under ſuch management, can we be ſurpriſed that fatal accidents befal ſo many of our trading veſſels, not only in long voyages, but even in making a ſhort trip acroſs the channel? It was by a very different conduct, guided by prudence and marked by unremitting attention, that Captain Cook, and other expert circumnavigators, performed their ſucceſsful voyages round the globe; and that Captain Bligh, in an open boat, amidſt frequent ſtorms, traverſed the great Pacific Ocean.

MODES *of* FRENCH MOURNING.

THE French national almanack, for the preſent year, contains a very ſpecial account of the preſent uſages of mourning at Paris.

After premiſing that complete or full mourning begins with the uſe of a woollen dreſs; exchanges that for black ſilk: and ends in ſecond mourning: and is only worn for father, mother, grandfather, grandmother, huſband, wife, brother, or ſiſter; and that common mourning exchanges a black for a white dreſs; and it is for uncle, aunt, couſin-german, ſecond uncles, ſecond couſin. This *code noir* proceeds through all the degrees of relations up from huſband or wife, down to couſins, painting at once, the different *coſtumes*, and the period they ought to be worn according to faſhionable *etiquette*.

As a ſpecimen, we give the *formula* for father and mother ſix months.

Dreſs of the ladies.—The firſt ſix weeks, black woollen ſtuff. The firſt three weeks, the head-dreſs and covering for the neck, of black crape. The ſecond three weeks, the head-dreſs and covering for the neck, of white crape, fringed at the edges.

The next ſix weeks, the dreſs of black ſilk; if in winter *poult-de-ſoie;* if in ſummer, tours taffety. The dreſs and ornaments for the head, white crape, with fringes.

For the laſt three months, the dreſs is either white ſolely, or elſe of white and black together.

Dreſs of the gentlemen.—For the firſt ſix weeks, the hair unpowdered; the clothes of broad-cloath, and without buttons: the ſhoes, of brown leather, the ſtockings, woollen; the ſword, decorated with crape; the buckles, black; a cravat.

For the next ſix weeks, the clothes of broad-cloth, with buttons; ſilk ſtockings, ſilver buckles, and ſword; a back ribbon at the hilt of the ſword.

For the laſt three months, in full dreſs; black clothes, ſilver buckles, and ſword; and white ſilk ſtockings, black and white ſword knot.

In undreſs.—Veſt, breeches, and ſtockings black.

Deſcription

Deſcription of an antique Bath, at Karaſubazar, with the Tartar Manner of Bathing.

[From Mrs. Maria Guthrie's Tour through the Taurida.]

AT the Tartar city of Karaſubazar, about thirty-four miles weſt of Theodoſia, is a noble antique bath, in a ſtile of architecture much ſuperior to what either Turks or Tartars could ever pretend to, although uſed by both. As to its external appearance, it is a lofty ſtructure of hewn ſtone, ſurmounted by two cupolas, or domes, with openings in them, to permit the eſcape of the ſmoke. Its internal form will be beſt underſtood from the following deſcription of it by a gentleman who went through the whole ceremony of oriental purification, on purpoſe to examine at his leiſure every part of this curious edifice, as well as the mode of bathing in it, which ſeems to be nearly the ſame as was practiſed in the hypocauſtum or laconium of the Greeks, and the ſudatorium or vaporarium of the Romans, rather than the common balnea of the ancients; in ſhort, it is a ſweating bath in all its forms, inſtead of the tepid water bath of antiquity, merely calculated to refreſh and clean the body after the athletic or military exerciſes then in uſe; and, in my opinion, would point out the Turks and Tartars to be of Scythian origin, if we did not already know them to be ſo; as even Herodotus deſcribes the ſweating bath of the Scythians, upward of 2000 years ago, pretty nearly in the rude ſimple form ſtill in uſe in Ruſſia; while the proceſs obſerved here ſeems modified to the difference of climate.

On entering this public bath, you are firſt conducted into a large hall, furniſhed with ſtone ciſterns, filled ſome with hot, ſome with cold water. Here you ſit down to undreſs, on a ſtone bench which ſurrounds the room. You are then preſented with a clean napkin, to tie round your waiſt, and a pair of wooden ſandals, inſtead of ſlippers, which would not ſtand the wet. Thus furniſhed, you walk through a covered corridor into another lofty and ſpacious apartment ornamented with Doric and Ionic pillars, the walls of which are of unpoliſhed marble, and the floor of broad flag ſtones. In each of the four corners of this quadrangular hall are placed marble ſeats, with backs, before which ſtand as many marble baſins with warm water, as there are benches for the bathers. Laſtly, in the middle of this tauric ſudatorium ſtands a very low ſtone table, or rather a ſeat in that form; for it is uſed as ſuch at pleaſure, and is not raiſed above two feet from the floor; while it is heated, like the others, by inviſible flues conducting hot water under all thoſe marble fixtures, to raiſe perſpiration in thoſe who occupy them. When you have ſat a ſufficient time on one of the

the heated ſlabs to open the pores, one of the Tartar balneatii approaches you, and, by rubbing your head, ſhoulders, and arms, with his hand, promotes a gentle perſpiration. But when you deſire a more profuſe ſweat, he puts on woollen gloves to increaſe the friction, which makes you ſtream from every pore.

During this proceſs, warm water, taken from the numerous marble baſins in the hall, is thrown over your body; laſtly, you are lathered over with ſoap-ſuds by means of a bunch of cotton dipt in them; then receive a final bucket of water over your whole body, to waſh off the ſoap, and are preſented with a warm cloth for the purpoſe of drying yourſelf.

The ablution being now finiſhed, you are preſented, as on entering, with a clean warm towel to gird up your loins, while a ſecond is bound round your head, and a dry bathing mantle is thrown over your ſhoulders, to equip you for your retreat to the ſame hall where you undreſſed and left your clothes. There you find a carpet thrown over the ſtone bench, and covered with a ſheet; on which being ſeated, the laſt act of the Tartar balneatii, or ſervants of the bath, is to preſent you with a cotton cloth of a particular manufacture, having a long pile, to dry away the remaining perſpiration, before you dreſs yourſelf to walk out. For this long operation, you pay at the door only two paras, or three-pence halfpenny Engliſh.

Such is the account given me by a gentleman who, as before ſaid, went through the whole on purpoſe narrowly to inſpect the inſide of the building, with the Tartar ceremony of bathing.

I cannot quit the ſubject without remarking on the ancient prevalency of this practice; as we know that it was regarded as a breach of hoſpitality not to offer the luxury of the bath to the wearied traveller who came to viſit you; but, what is ſtill more curious, and even inexplicable, is, that it appears to have been the ladies of the houſe who took upon them the office of balneatii in the very remote periods of the Grecian republics; for Homer, in the days of purity and innocence, ſends the beautiful daughter of Neſtor to lead Telemachus to the bath; and the chaſte Penelope orders Euryles to do the ſame honour to Ulyſſes.

THE UNIVERSALITY *of* BALLOONS.

To the EDITOR.

SIR,

BALLOONS have, during laſt autumn, abſolutely eclipſed the wonted glory of paper-kites in England; nor has the curioſity, in regard to them, been confined to England ſolely. While M. Garnerin was giving us, in this country, a ſpecimen

of the improvements in the aeronautic arts by the French revolution, there ſtarted a new aeronautic in France, to gratify the paſſion of his countrymen for exploring the caſtles in the air, and aſcending to the halls of the clouds, A Mr. Czerny roſe in a balloon to amuſe the curioſity of the emperor of Ruſſia and the inhabitants of St. Peterſburg. And there is, in truth, ſcarce a country in Europe in which one attempt or other has not of late been made to invade the province of the winged tribes, to ſoar with the eagle, or with the " poiſed lark" to ſwim in air.

Now at this paſſion for balloon-ſights, and balloon-expeditions, ſome perſons are pleaſed to expreſs great ſurprize. But, in my mind, nothing in the world can be more natural.

What is man himſelf, but a balloon? His body ſo ſlight, ſo flexible, ſo eaſily hurt or torn—what is it, but a covering of gummed taffety? His mind, big with varieties, with reſentments, with hopes, with fears, ready to fly off whenever any fracture is made in its covering, catching fire to danger of deſtruction, by one paſſion or another.—Surely this may well be regarded as nothing elſe but a little inflammable gas.

Moſt of the undertakings of man are merely flights of a balloon. What is education but merely the act of blowing up the balloon, and fitting it for a flight? It often miſgives, even when it is conducted with the greateſt pains, and the moſt laborious oſtentation of theoretic ſkill. Preciſely thus did honeſt Mr. Barret, at Margate, at Greenwich, and at Swanſea, fail in all his efforts to riſe freely and boldly into the air.

What are the lover's anxieties, but the ſolicitudes of a man who deſires to inflate his balloon, and to fix himſelf to its tail in a car, in which he may riſe and deſcend with it?

The hero, who murders, burns, and ravages, to gain a name, has, as the poet well expreſſes it, no other object than " *virûm volitare per ora*—to fly over men's heads, and before their faces." And this is, undeniably, nothing elſe than to make a balloon, and mount aloft in it. The military hero's balloon-enterprize, is indeed the moſt dangerous, and the leaſt praiſeworthy of all. His is, in fact, one of thoſe fire-balloons againſt which M. Garnerin ſo kindly warned the good people of London by advertiſement.

Oratory is nothing but the art of making balloons. The orator's profeſſed objects are, " to ſwell, to inflame, to elevate." But theſe are the very acts properly belonging to the mechanician of balloons. He employs only words, which we all know to be but wind, breath, or air; and ſuch alſo is the matter employed by the maker of balloons. The orator's eloquence is univerſally confeſſed to be the greateſt, when it is pure inflammable matter, that is air, or as Mr. Gray ſays, " thoughts that breathe, and words that burn." And it is only pure inflam-

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mable gas, that will beſt ſerve the purpoſes of the balloon-maker.

Thus, Sir, it might be ſhown, by a ſurvey of all the departments of life, that nothing is ſo univerſal as balloons, and projects of balloon-flying: that, hence, there can be nothing more natural than the curioſity about balloons, which ſome men have lately preſumed to find fault with.

NUGACULUS.

January 21, 1803.

AN ANECDOTE.

IT is not improbable that Shakeſpeare, in the character of Falſtaff, might have aimed ſome ſtrokes at the corpulence and intemperance of Ben Jonſon. Mr. Oldys, in his MS. additions to Langbaine's Account of Engliſh dramatic poets, introduces the following ſtory of Ben, which was found in a memorandum-book, written in the time of the civil wars by Mr. Oldiſworth, who was ſecretary to Philip Earl of Pembroke.

"Mr Camden recommended him to Sir Walter Raleigh, who truſted him with the care and education of his eldeſt ſon, Walter, a gay ſpark, who could not brook Ben's rigorous treatment; but perceiving one foible in his diſpoſition, made uſe of that to throw off the yoke of his government.—This was an unlucky habit that Ben had contracted, through his love of jovial company, of being overtaken with liquor, which Sir Walter of all vices did moſt abominate, and hath moſt exclaimed againſt. One day when Ben had taken a plentiful doſe, and was fallen into a ſound ſleep, young Raleigh got a great baſket and a couple of men, who laid Ben in it, and then with a pole carried him to Sir Walter, telling him that their young maſter had ſent home his tutor."

REMARKABLE INSTANCE *of* FIDELITY.

WHEN Grumentum, a city in Lucania, was beſieged by the Romans, and reduced to the laſt extremity, two ſlaves eſcaped into the camp of the beſiegers. Soon after, the place was taken by ſtorm, and plundered. The two ſlaves at this time ran to the houſe of their miſtreſs, whom they ſeized with violence, and carried off, threatening her both with their words and geſtures; and when they were aſked who ſhe was, they anſwered, ſhe was their miſtreſs, a moſt cruel miſtreſs, upon whom they were going to take revenge for all the barbarous treatment they had ſuffered from her. In this manner they made her quit the city, and conceal'd her with great care. When the fury of the ſoldiers was over, they brought her home again, and ſubmitted to her ſervice, as before. In return, ſhe gave them their liberty, the greateſt reward in her power to beſtow.

On the ILL EFFECTS *of* IMITATION.

[From Young on Original Compoſition.]

A Spirit of imitation hath many ill effects: I ſhall confine myſelf to three. Firſt, it deprives the liberal and politer arts of an advantage which the mechanic enjoys: in theſe, men are ever endeavouring to go beyond their predeceſſors; in the former, to follow them. And ſince copies ſurpaſs not their originals, as ſtreams riſe not higher than their ſpring, rarely ſo high; hence, while arts mechanic are in perpetual progreſs and increaſe, the liberal are in retrogradation and decay. Theſe reſemble pyramids, are broad at bottom, but leſſen exceedingly as they riſe; thoſe reſemble rivers, which, from a ſmall fountain-head, are ſpreading ever wider and wider as they run. Hence it is evident that different portions of underſtanding are not (as ſome imagine) allotted to different periods of time; for we ſee, in the ſame period, underſtanding riſing in one ſet of artiſts, and declining in another. Therefore nature ſtands abſolved, and our inferiority in compoſition muſt be charged on ourſelves.

Nay, ſo far are we from complying with a neceſſity which lays us under, that, ſecondly, by a ſpirit of imitation we counteract nature, and thwart her deſign. She brings us into the world all originals: no two faces, no two minds are juſt alike, but all bear nature's evident mark of ſeparation on them. Born originals, how comes it to paſs that we die copies? That meddling ape, imitation, as ſoon as we come to years of indiſcretion (ſo let me ſpeak), ſnatches the pen, and blots out nature's mark of ſeparation, cancels her kind intention, deſtroys all mental individuality; the lettered world no longer conſiſts of ſingulars, it is a medley, a maſs, and an hundred books at bottom are but one. Why are monkies ſuch maſters of mimickry? Why receive they ſuch a talent at imitation? Is it not as the Spartan ſlaves received licence for ebriety, that their betters might be aſhamed of it?

The third fault to be found with a ſpirit of imitation is, that with great incongruity it makes us poor and proud, makes us think little and write much; gives us huge folios, which are little better than more reputable cuſhions to promote our repoſe.

A REFLECTION.

WE may ſay of agreeableneſs, as diſtinct from beauty, that it is a ſymmetry whoſe rules are unknown; it is a ſecret conformity of the features to one another, and to the complexion and air of a perſon.

Anſwer, by J. W. of Bridgetown, near Totnes, to Recluſe's Charade, inſerted December 6.

A WOODCOCK is the bird you mean,
As in your charade may be ſeen.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from Robert Maſſett, of Saltaſh; J. O. Zillwood, of Dorcheſter; J. Chubb, of Everſhot; J. Bloomfield, and T. Adey, of Poole; T. Boult, of Exeter; A. D. near Bridport; B. of Millbrook; W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton; J. H. of Kingſleinton; and William Pollard, of Eglolhayle.

Anſwer, by J. O. Zillwood, of Dorcheſter, to J. Whittle's Rebus, inſerted Dec. 6.

YOUR profeſſion, my friend, if I judge aright,
A GARDENER plainly diſcloſes to ſight;
Who whilſt contemplating the earthly ſod
May "look thro' nature up to nature's God."

*** We have received the like anſwer from J. Chubb, of Everſhot; Egbert Moon, and W. Strong, of Exeter; and J. Bloomfield, T. Adey, and J. Lewis, of Poole.

A CHARADE, *by T. Whicker, of Exeter.*

MY firſt ſprings from yon glorious orb,
And beautifies the orient morn;
My ſecond's where I wrote my firſt,
And ſtands beneath a ſpreading thorn:
My whole you'll find the ſeaman's friend,
When darkneſs reigns, and tempeſts rend.

A CHARADE, *by H. Humphreys, of Exeter.*

BEHOLD! my brilliant firſt appears
With majeſty divine;
But when we view my ſecond fair
God's wonders tenfold ſhine.

My whole is clad in beauty's robes,
Its life's like that of man,
So oft, ſo juſtly ſaid to be
A ſhadow or a ſpan.

A CHARADE, *by J. O. Zillwood, of Dorcheſter.*

LONG may my firſt his fiery ſteeds reſtrain!
No more his blood-ſtain'd banner be unfurl'd;
Covering the fields with num'rous heroes ſlain,
And deſolating the afflicted world.

Then may my next, the glory of our iſle,
Seek ſolace in the downy arms of peace!
Which join'd with plenty's renovating ſmile,
Our trade, our commerce daily will increaſe.

Collect theſe parts, ye wits of power,
The ſame with care tranſpoſe,
A plant's that's cull'd in Flora's bower
The ſequel will diſcloſe.

POETRY.

TO THE READERS OF The WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

PROPITIOUS, may the new-born year
To you, my friends, unclouded shine,
And still to your fond hearts appear
In smiles of bliss, unknown to mine.

And as, on time's swift-gliding wing
You mark the varying seasons roll;
May hope some new-enchantment bring,
To chear each grief-dejected soul.

But ye, that bask in fortune's ray,
Of Satan's subtle arts beware;
Nor blindly trace that guileful way
Where every pleasure hides a snare.

But rather, lost in strange delight,
To scenes of meditation fly,
Where truth arrests the raptur'd sight,
And faith directs you to the sky.

Since life's short journey first begun,
Unknown to sorrow's cheerless pow'rs,
Prosperity's irradiate sun
Smil'd gayly on my halcyon hours.

But ah! those scenes of joy are o'er;
Despair beclouds the transient ray;
I rest on earthly hopes no more,
For life is but a winter's day.

A day! O rather say an hour;
A bubble toss'd on fate's rude flood;
A vernal breeze; a drooping flow'r;
A blossom fading in the bud.

But let those earthly blossoms fade,
They still the seeds of life retain;
And only wither in the shade
To bloom in Heav'ns ambrosial plain.

Devon. HILARIUS.

ON A COMING STORM.

THE storm draws near, the day's o'ercast,
The whistling of the wind I hear;
Chill is the nature of the blast,
And ev'ry robin tell its fear.

Lately a gleam of vivid light
Enchanted every heart with joy;
It was a prelude of the night
Which soon shall ev'ry heart annoy
In the deep forest's inmost dell,
When not an air was heard abroad,
Seem'd a low breeze to passing swell,
And the pines bent, as with a load.
High from the north, with fearful scream,
Did, in a line, the wild geese pour:
Dark was the wave of ocean's stream,
And hollow did it mount the shore.
Nature, revolving ought of change,
To tune her song prophetic deigns;
And seldom, vainly, can we range
To mark her purpose where she reigns.
Soon shall the thick'ning haze close down,
Soon to the sight each object cease:
O'er the poor flock the snow be blown,
And its gay bleatings hush'd in peace.
It may be, as he seeks his home,
The wearied rustic's heart shall fail;
And that he could not onward roam,
Shall be the morning's earliest tale.
It may be, that the tale, when told,
Shall wither all his partner's soul;
And drop her, on the hearth, as cold
As him, attach'd from every pole.
It may be, that the bounteous lord,
Who lives secure beneath the hill,
Shall hear—and from his plenteous hoard
Shall take sufficient for his will;
And to the cot, with eager haste,
Shall bend his charitable feet;
To check, of grief the needless waste,
And as a friend the orphans meet;
And haply, e'en a night so dire,
May truly bless the lowly brood;
That Heaven may visit not in ire,
But by misfortune work their good.
Haply their orphan sad estate,
Produc'd by such a sudden blow,
May interest him who mourn'd their fate,
A future friendship to bestow.
And if on fancy's wing we soar,
The chances of their lives to view,
There we may scenes of joy explore,
And with their cause this night renew.

'Tis

'Tis poſſible the wildeſt ſtorm,
Almighty Power! thou ſend'ſt abroad,
Tho' it the brighteſt ſcenes deform,
May be a bleſſing, not a rod.
And human hearts thou formſt to know
Thy goodneſs too, as well as power,
Should to their Author bend them low,
And fret not at the darkeſt hour.
To pity, when the murky night,
Or whirling ſnows around deſcend,
Oh ye! whoſe fate has been to light
Within the ſphere which *nerves* a friend;
To pity yield—be want ſupplied,
The ſtorm, all mercileſs, may raiſe.
Remember who has not denied,
And with thy actions render praiſe.

The MOURNER.

By Mrs. OPIE.

HENCE, cruel life! nor more perſiſt
To warm this ſad, this broken heart;
When Henry's clay cold lips I kiſs'd,
How welcome, death, had been thy dart.

Speechleſs, they ſay, benumb'd I ſeem'd,
While his laſt precious breath I caught;
No tears to ſoothe my ſorrow ſtream'd,
And agony ſuſpended thought.

They tell me thunders rent the air,
That vivid lightnings flaſh'd around;
But I beheld no lightnings glare,
Nor heard the pealing thunder's ſound.

They tell me, that my helpleſs child,
I from my arms in fury toſs'd;
It might be ſo, for I was wild;
The mother—in the wife was loſt.

They tell me, on the unconſcious corſe,
At length bereft of ſenſe I fell;
Ah! bleſſed ſtate! of balm the ſource;
It cloſ'd my ear to Henry's knell.

But happy ſtate! reſembling death,
Why is your balmy ſtupor flown?
Ah! why reſtore a wretch's breath?
For I can only live to moan!

E'en reaſon ſays I juſtly weep,
And, ah! ſhe ſays, I weep in vain;
My midnight couch with tears I ſteep,
Then riſe at morn—to weep again!

When to my heart my child I fold,
She only deepens every ſigh;
I think while I her charms behold,
How ſhe had pleas'd her father's eye.

I think—but O forbear, fond heart!
From vain regrets to duties turn;
Yes, I will act a parent's part—
I'll tear myſelf from Henry's urn.

In life I ſtill one charm can ſee,
One flower adorns that dreary wild;
That flower for care depends on me—
O precious charge!—'tis Henry's *child!*

A FAREWELL.

By SAMUEL ROGERS, *Eſq.*

ONCE more, enchanting girl, adieu!
I muſt be gone while yet I may;
Oft ſhall I weep to think of you,
But here I will not, cannot ſtay!

The ſweet expreſſion of that face,
For ever changing, yet the ſame:
Ah! no: I dare not turn to trace,
It fires my ſoul, it melts my frame!

Yet give me, give me ere I go,
One little lock of thoſe ſo bleſt,
That lend your cheek a warmer glow.
And on your white neck love to reſt.

Say when, to kindle ſoft delight,
That hand has chanc'd with mine to meet,
How could its thrilling touch excite
A ſigh ſo ſhort, and yet ſo ſweet!

Oh ſay—but, no, it muſt not be,
Adieu, enchanting girl, adieu!
Yet ſtill methinks you frown on me—
Oh never could I fly from you!

Once more, enchanting girl, adieu!
I muſt be gone while yet I may:
Oft ſhall I weep to think of you;
But here I will not, cannot ſtay!

VERSES *to a* LADY.

WEEP not that ſcandal's baleful art
Has tried to injure thee,
For when from rancour's poiſonous dart
Were wit and beauty free?

Still with the waſp, will ravenous jaw,
The faireſt fruit devour;
Still will the bee the fragrance draw
From out the ſweeteſt flower.

Each leaves a ſtamp of worth behind,
On charms they never ſpare;
For where we chance their trace to find
We're ſure of merit there.